THE HOME JOURNAL.

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The Home Journal.

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W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

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MADELEINE.

A HEART HISTORY.

NOTE.—A reward of $50 was offered some time since in the Home Journal for the best Original Story written for its columns. Several were written, and after a perusal of each, "MADELEINE—A HEART HISTORY," was considered the most deserving. Its style is simple yet beautiful, and that all will be highly interested we have not a single doubt.—EDITOR.

"And constancy dwells in realms above"

Not always. Constancy is to be found sometimes here, even here; and constancy, not only in word and deed, but also in entire thought and feeling.

And, says an old adage, "Man keeps no promises—at least, not with a woman." Man, as well as woman, has often been traduced by the slanderous pens of ready writers, who, disappointed, it may be, in their own intercourse with the world, and having been deceived by those in whom they trusted, have imputed the faults of one, to all the rest of humanity.

And woman's name, from the earliest ages to the present, has been with many, by far too many, but a synonym for change and frailty.

"Varium et mutabile semper foemina," wrote one ages ago, and the sneer, from that time to this, has been upon the lip of the unloved, the disappointed of the other sex and has been bandied about the world over, by the scoffers against her integrity and faith.

But the noble man, the noble woman, unbiassed by circumstance, unaffected by time, is ever true to the affections and friendships of youth, and they ever form green spots in memory's waste over which the heart loves to linger with miser-like fondness, as its dearest hoarded treasures. Men, and women too, are oftener true to these holy, delicate feelings of their spiritual nature, than we, in our casual jostling acquaintance with them, are led to believe. But thus much as the foundation of my narrative.

There was a knock at the door of the little brown house at the corner, though it could rightfully be called little, brown house no longer.

A full story had been added and a long piazza, both in front and in the rear, gave an air of coolness and comfort, which the blazing midsummer sun without rendered peculiarly attractive.

Beautiful, clinging vines, some of them still in blossom, though it was late July, twined their graceful tendrils round the slender-shafted pilars that supported the roof; and at one end a fragrant honeysuckle was shedding on the air delicious perfume from its variegated flowers, blossoming a second time in the season to make glad the hearts of all who looked upon its beauty, or inhaled its fragrance.

Across the other, a grape vine, laden with ripening fruit, shot its slender branches and pushed its purpling clusters among the ornamental vines that clambered along the white piazza, mingling, even there, the useful with the beautiful. Ranged upon the floor of this cool and pleasant greenerie, were one, two, or three or more flowering plants in pots, a monthly rose, or two, a thrifty fuchsia with dropping bells of crimson and gold, and a beautiful hydrangea, while underneath a cherry tree at the corner of the porch were two pet squirrels turning a tin wheel, as if to keep time with their busy, little, twinkling feet, to the outgushing song of a Canary and a Mocking bird, whose cages hung in the branches of the sheltering tree.

The stranger, whose knock slightly shook the panels of the newly-painted door, gazed round him, as he did it, and his eager eye took in, at a glance, all the quiet, refined and home-like beauty of the dwelling and its surroundings. But no one as yet responded to his summons, so pausing a moment, he took a deliberate survey of all about him, as much as he could without quitting the immediate vicinity of the door.

So quiet was everything, he would almost have believed there was no one within, but the blinds of one of the windows, which opened down to the floor of the vine-draped piazza, were ajar, thus affording easy ingress to any one disposed to enter. Again he laid his hand to the knocker and a moment after the gentle opening of a door and a light step in the intervening passage assured him that some one was coming.

Stepping a little to one side, as the door swung lightly on its hinges, he had an opportunity to scan the face and figure of whomever it might be that should answer his call. Evidently he had not expected the mistress of the mansion to open the door for his entrance, and for a moment, he seemed disconcerted, but he regained his composure, and with a respectful salutation, moved forward without waiting an invitation to come within. The lady, too, was embarrassed. He gave no name, offered no card, nor announced any errand, but he was a noble, gentlemanly-looking man, and conjecturing he might have business he waited to make known, she opened the door upon the right of the passage and courteously bade him enter. He did so, and seating himself seemed lost in thought. The lady stood patiently awaiting the result of the singular interview. She was not a timid woman, and yet she felt nervous, and uneasy at the strange conduct of the unknown and unannounced guest; for she was alone in her dwelling, servants and children having left her there by herself for a hunt upon the hills for summer berries. Still the stranger moved not, spoke not. His reflections seemed to be painful, and to have some connection with her, for his eyes, now and then, sought her face, with an eager, earnest look, which was withdrawn as often as she returned his gaze.

And she was little changed. He would have known her anywhere. Fifteen years had furrowed no wrinkle on that fair, white brow, nor lined a thread of silver among the locks of that soft, wavy, goldenly-brown hair, nor had the hand of time removed one charm from that sweet presence, but she stood before him more ravishingly lovely, more entrancingly beautiful than when a damsel of sixteen, he parted from her in a far off land.—Time had matured, mellowed and refined—intellectualized, perhaps, is the word—and as he gazed, she seemed the perfect embodiment of what his fancy, in the love-dreams of all those several years, had delighted to picture her.

Yet that dress of mourning, not deep, but dark enough to remind him why it was worn, seemed to place a barrier between him and her. And how becoming was that simple mourning negligee. A dress of some thin material, open in front, displaying the white under-dress, embroidered with black, the little collar, fastened at the throat with a small, half mourning pin, and the wreath of crape leaves and buds twining among the rich, wavy hair and letting its delicate sprays fall low upon the drooping shoulders—surely, nothing could be prettier, or in better taste. All these thoughts had birth and shape in much less time than it has taken to write them, but the silence and embarrassment were becoming to the lady, unendurable.

"Have you business with me," she asked in a low, clear, but slightly tremulous tone, for memory, too, was busy at her heart, but it was faint and feeble in its efforts to trace resemblances between the occupant of its thoughts and the living, breathing personage before her.

As she put the question, the stranger looked at her more openly than he had hitherto done, and answered, clearly as she asked,

"Yes." Then rising abruptly, he moved quickly to where she was still standing and with a respectful motion took her hand. The movement was so sudden, she had not time to repel it if she would, and before she could withdraw it, he had spoken again, sadly as if mourning the departure of some cherished life dream:

"You do not know me, Madeline?"

Something in that voice and tone reminded her of earlier days, and with timid upturned glance, she scanned the face that looked so eagerly, so beseechingly down upon her.

She did know him then, but only from the expression that changed those strangely altered features, and the name her girlhood had so often uttered, trembled once more on her lips, and the hand that lay before in his passively, now grasped it with a warm pressure, and she suffered him to lead her to a seat and place himself beside her. Neither spoke for some moments. The hand of the lady was gently and slightly withdrawn Her companion retained it, kindly and respectfully, yea, even deferentially, I know not if I might not say reverentially.

"Madeline," said he again, and his voice trembled as with the fullness of his sorrow, "you have forgotten me."

"No, O! no," was the only reply uttered quietly and mournfully, but with a depth of tenderness that went to his very soul.

"You do not wish me away then?" and the reply uttered in the same low, tender, mournful tone, was but the an echo of the previous one—"O! no."

Again he asked, bending his eyes on the countenance of the beautiful lady,

"You did not quite forget the friend of your girlhood, in the long dreary years we have been parted? You did not let other, and nearer friends, entirely efface my memory," and again the stereotype answer met his ear, "O! no."

As if it had been molten lead, the hand of the lady dropped suddenly from his grasp, and he paced the apartment with evidence of powerful excitement, both in looks and manner.

After a few turns, he stopped abruptly and again grasping the still unresisting hand of his wondering companion, he broke forth with passionate vehemence:

"Is this the return I meet with after the entire devotion of so many long, and dreary years? Is this my welcome after so terrible a separation? To every question I put, to every remark I make, am I to hear, but the one, monotonous answer, 'no, O! no.'

When my heart is full, to overflowing with the wild, deep, undying affection which has lived on through sorrow and exile, through indifference and abandonment, accumulating like the pent-up waters of the mountain torrent, when through the long years of—must I say, it?—of your married life, I have foreborne to come where you lived, to look upon your face, so much did I fear that my uncontrollable passion might manifest itself to him who claimed what should have been all, and only mine, and so mar in the slightest degree the happiness of one who was dearer far to me than life, aye, I fear than my own soul; am I to be coldly, almost repellingly received with only "No," and nothing else? Is there to be for me no sparkling glance of joyousness at my coming, no delicious words of cordial welcome, no warm, close-clasping hand, that even only friendship's cool, calm self should not deny?"

He could say no more, but overpowered by his emotions, threw himself upon the nearest seat, and covering his face with both hands, leaned heavily against the wall beside him for support.

The lady knew not what to say, but she must speak, and with true womanly instinct, she followed the dictates of the first idea that occurred, addressing him with that just, and kind, but dignified manner, that while it should appreciate all his sufferings, and minister to them, should, by no means, diminish the respect and esteem she commanded and expected from all who knew her.

There was much in his manner and language she could not understand, but he was too excited now to explain. There was some great mistake somehow, somewhere, and she should know it all in time. She would calm and soothe him now, but she would do it effectually.

"Mr Moreland," (He seemed to shrink at the name, as if that were but another sign of the coolness of her feelings towards him and she changed it immediately) "Henry, I do not wish to add to your disappointment or sorrow. I know not what it is causes you so much pain, but if I did, believe me, I would do all I could with propriety to relieve it. I am truly glad to look upon your face once more, to listen to your voice, as to the accents of one who was once," and her voice was a little unsteady as she said it, "a dear, a very dear friend, but years have passed, not only since we met, but since we had any communication with, or knowledge of each other until a short time since. Do not think me unkind, if I say, I see no cause for such vehemence of feeling upon this our first meeting. It is so different from what you were in the days of our youthful association. I used to think I never knew one so young with such entire control over self, and your character won my girlish admiration from this very circumstance.—You were so generous, so noble, so gifted, so full of youthful ardor and emulation, and yet all was blended with such cheerful moderation that all who knew, loved and respected you.

"Fifteen years have passed away, almost a little life-time of themselves. Do not be disappointed that I did not know you. I was prepared for some change, for much indeed, but not for so complete a metamorphosis. I cannot make it seem the same being I parted with at the steamboat landing, that bright spring morning, fifteen years ago. Nor ought I to expect it. You were then little more than a lad, a mere youth, and I a maiden, over whose then joyous head but sixteen summers cast their light and shade. Forgive me that I could not know you at a glance. Henry, when you are so altered by such a lapse of time," and she extended her hand towards him, saying as she did so, "Do not let us be otherwise than friends."

Uncovering his face, and looking at her almost sternly as he said it, he made answer, "You speak of change. It is you, not I that is changed, but not so much in personal appearance, as disposition. Had I changed, think you I would have remained true to my boyish love, even when its object abandoned me for another, never, no, never. Having my heart warmed by the bright glances of any other eyes save those that beamed upon me only in the secret chambers of memory, or the blissful dreams of sleep? No, Madeline Cranstoun, (and he gave her, her maiden name) I have never changed towards you. The form and the features are not the man. I know, to look at me, I am strangely altered.—The wavy, chestnut-brown locks of the youth are turned to the darker, straighter ones of manhood, the beardless chin is covered with the dark and lengthened growth of riper years, but in all that concerns you, I am yet unaltered.

"But O! Madeline, you do not care to see me, your manner shows it—your tone of voice speaks it, you feel no especial interest in my coming, more than you would at the approach of any of the hundred and one others, who years ago sought your favor, or aspired to your friendship."

What could the lady say? Real delicacy of character would prefer manifesting too little feeling, rather than too much, and this interview was so strange, so different from what Madeline Raymond had anticipated, when two months before she had acceded with a quiet saddened feeling of pleasure to the earnest request of the valued friend of her happy girlhood, that he might be permitted to come and see her. She had looked forward to the meeting with much delight, anticipating not only pleasure to be enjoyed, but strength to be gained from the renewal of her social intercourse with one, whose companionship, in those years alluded to, was so pleasant and profitable. With the exception of her two children, Madeline Raymond was alone, all alone in the wide, wide world, and what other delightful anticipations may have mingled with the thoughts of the coming friend, it behooves not now to say.—Surely, though, she did not expect to meet in him a lover, for such she had never deemed him in the days of their former acquaintance and association, or if then the idea of such a thing had ever crossed her mind, it had been immediately expelled as a vision of gladness that must perish in the thinking.

She had waited anxiously for another communication, after she had replied to his letter, but none other came and he had arrived unheralded, unannounced, and addressed her at once in language of the most vehement affection, mingled with reproach as if she had not dealt fairly and justly with him. She was mystified, bewildered, and knew neither what to think or say.

Let us leave them for awhile and turn the volume of their lives backwards.

The scene to which you shall be introduced, dear reader, shall be a little village, on the green banks of a rapid stream that pours its waters into one of the tributaries of the mighty Mississippi. 'Tis a pretty little town, with neat white cottages, snugly embowered beneath the spreading branches of maples, locusts and gold-dropping laburnums, with flowery shrubs and neatly cultivated gardens. It is one of those sweet and quiet spots on which the eye loves to linger, and yet there is nothing there to arrest, or rivit its gaze, nothing but its calm, peaceful, rural beauty. Only the quiet nestling together of one white-robed dwelling with another 'neath the bowering branches of the sheltering trees, and yet no one, not even a stranger, could, without a feeling of tranquil delight, look at the little town with its two main streets crossing each other at right angles, and here and there a path leading across cultivated fields and blossom-laden orchards, to many a cheerful looking farm house, almost hidden by its flowering weight of fragrance.

The spire of the village church, and the belfry of the academy had, for years, looked daily at each other from opposite sides of the street leading over the hill to the river and at the foot of the same hill, before ascending might be found the main village, with the scattering cottages I have described; a house for the accommodation of travelers, and a store or two, at which the village belles obtained their rustic finery. It was an out-of the-way place, unknown to the tourist and the traveler, but none the less beautiful for all that.

Let us traverse the street that leads us up the hill, and turning abruptly, pass the white-walled, solemn looking church, with its tall finger pointing to the starry sky above, and walk softly on till we front a snug little home buried amid locusts and fruit trees, whose dropping blossoms fall like feathery snow-flakes over head and shoulders as we step briskly and lightly to one side of the vine wreathed porch, on which the door of the front passage opens. Have no fears of evesdropping, reader: for if you did not listen for yourself, I could easily tell you of the gently-spoken words that fall so sweetly and so softly on your ear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

BLACK EYES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

About me thou hast cast a spell,
Which lingers round me yet,—
Proceeding from thy beauteous eyes,
As black, as black as jet;
And I had rather win the smile
That I see lurking there,
Than own the richest, purest gem
A monarch's crown may wear.

I know that truth and faithfulness
Dwell in the eyes of blue;
That hazel ones have in their depths
Affection fond and true,
But give to me the eye which is
With intellect full set;
Such eyes as these are my delight,
As black, as black as jet.

I own that eyes of blue are meek,
And wear a holy look;
That they can read the secrets from
Love's ever open book;
But give to me a flashing eye,—
To such I strike my lyre;
An eye which beams like thine my love,
With intellectual fire.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

TO ADDIE.—BY O. D. MARTIN.

Any time that thou art nigh me,
Days go quickly, hours fly,
Days are minutes; be but by me,
In the hour I'm to die,
Easy, calmly, I will lie.

CONTINUED PRAYING.—Felix Neff once made the following comparison:

"When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water; the water pours out at the first stroke because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long while, the water gets low; and when you want it you must pump a long while and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer; if we are constant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the water in the well gets low."

Written especially for the Winchester Home Journal.

WOMAN'S TRUSTFULNESS;

OR,

THE FATHER'S REVENGE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I

Mary Bonn was indeed beautiful. Her graceful form was just rounding into womanhood. Her features were regular, with dark lustrous eyes, and a brow, around which, like a Grecian Virgin's, was braided by her glossy hair. Her neck and bust were so exquisite, that they might have been chiselled in ivory. But above all, even above the rich pouting lip, was the smile that lighted her countenance when she spoke. Her voice was as the warbling of a bird, and as the tone so sweet fell upon the ear, it appeared as if an angel had spoken. She was admired by all, but her heart remained untouched until James Finley crossed her path.

James was by nature formed for woman's admiration. He was of that class which so often takes the heart by storm, ere the voice of reason has time to be heard. On seeing Mary, he had marked her out for his victim. He saw that her simple and confiding disposition would render the acquirement of her affections an easy task, and her love once gained, he was sure of the rest. He was by her side day by day and night by night, and sought every opportunity of being in her company. Thinking that his affection was pure, she gave up to him the treasures of her heart. She loved—and with a woman's faith believed him. Time passed on—she was in the coils of the snake—she loved, and was betrayed.

He promised to marry her again and again, but as the period approached, it would again be postponed. She pressed him with all the language of love, but he always evaded the question, and soon she found herself a mother, before she became a wife.

"James," said she one day, "will you fix the day of our marriage? It is cruel to delay it."

"Yes, dearest, next week. By-the-by, has Jackson sent home that shawl I ordered for you?"

"Yes, but my mind has been so engaged on other subjects that I have not looked at it."

"Of what have you been thinking?"

"Of the day of our marriage."

"Now, don't be uneasy, Mary, that time will soon come."

"So you have said before."

"Don't tease me. Can't you harp on something else?"

"James, answer me. For the last time, I ask you—am I to be your wife or not?" and as she spoke, her eyes flashed with excitement.

"Why—are you not now my wife? What are the cold ceremonies of the world? They cannot bring love.—They will not bring us more happiness. They——"

"Stop!" interrupted Mary, "your sophistry amounts to nothing. I ask you to keep your promise of marriage, not so much on my own account, as that of our child."

"Well, dearest, next week we wil arrange matters."

She was happy—she believed—but her hopes, alas! were to be blasted.

II

Months rolled on. James Finley deserted his victim, and scorn and contempt met her on every side. They who should have spoken words of consolation unto her, passed her by with insulting epithets. She could not brook the sorrowful gaze of her aged father, nor meet the scornful look of her acquaintances, and so one day she disappeared from her home.

Weeks and months came and went, yet Mary was heard not of: every search and every endeavor to obtain tidings of her, proved fruitless, but yet the bereaved father never uttered a word of reproach against her. He became an altered man, neglected his business, and forsook all of his former associates and companions.

It was a cold and bitter evening in the depths of winter, that he went to see if the door of his stable was fastened, and as he entered, he fancied he heard a low mourn, as if from a person in distress. On gazing around him, he was surprised to see a woman lying on the ground, partly covered with the straw.

"Poor thing," he uttered, "thine is a hard lot. Let me lift you in my arms and carry you to the house." He stooped down to take her up, when, as his eyes fell upon her face, he started back and shrieked.

"My God! what do I see! it is Mary. She is dying, and no one is near to assist me. Mary, my child, speak to me. It is your old father. For God's sake speak."

The broken-hearted father carried her into the house, and by the aid of warm applications soon brought her to a state of sensibility. But the hand of death was upon her. Weary and worn, she had once more returned to her home, but so overcome was she by fatigue and cold, that she had fallen lifeless where her father found her.

Day and night was the stricken man by the bedside of his erring daughter, but care and watchfulness availed nothing. She died, and as he set and gazed upon the cold corpse, he breathed a vow of revenge which was recorded in heaven's high chancery.

Two months had passed, and the sods of the valley were upon the grave of Mary.

III

It was a beautiful morning in Spring as James Finley was passing through Grundy street, with a lovely girl leaning on his arm. She was of most exquisite beauty, and report said they had been married but a few days.—He was talking in lively strains, when suddenly he cast his eyes on the opposide side of the street, and fearful was the change caused by that glance.—The smile forsook his face, his countenance assumed an air of confusion, and he seemed striving to avoid the sight of something which flashed across him.

Upon the opposite side of the street, was a poor, pale, emaciated looking man, whose dress bespoke him as one in the middle class of life. He was leaning against a lamp post, and as he fixed his gaze upon young Finley, there was a wildness in his look, fearful to behold. One hand was in the breast pocket of his coat while the other hung at his side.

As Finley passed on, the old man's frame shook as if with some hidden emotion, and as he followed, it was evident he meditated some deed of violence. He soon approached his victim, and before the bystanders could prevent it, plunged a knife up to the hilt in the breast of Finley. He stood unmoved, and gazed with delight on the dying struggles of his daughter's betrayer.

A crowd soon gathered. The wounded man was raised from the ground, but a few moments of life were all that remained to him.

"Bonn," faltered out the dying man, "you are revenged. I wronged your daughter, but this——"

The struggles of death prevented the completion of the sentence, but ere life was quite extinct, the loud laugh of the now mad old man, rung in his ears.

"Ha-ha-ha—I have revenged her. Look—look; he sleeps with my poor Mary. No, by God, it is false—she is in heaven—he has gone to hell."

It would have been a mockery of justice to have tried the old man for murder, for the light of reason had forever fled. They confined him in a mad-house, and day by day, and night by night, he raved about his child, until God in his mercy, sent the angel of death to relieve him of his sufferings, and waft his spirit unto Him who gave it.

BALTIMORE, MD.

How I Came to Say it!

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Ralph Somerville spent some months at our house. He was a noble-hearted generous fellow, and I soon found that I took more than a passing interest in him. Though generous—as I have said—his disposition harbored upon sternness. There was something silent and mysterious about him—not repellant, to be sure, but seeming to bespeak a love of solitude, a quiet communing with his own great thoughts. I was a wild, romping girl, and perhaps it was this contrast of dispositions which drew me toward him with a warmer magnetism. He was certainly not handsome; neither particularly well formed; and yet in the fire that sometimes kindled in those gray eyes, or the soft smile that wreathed his lips, there was much of beauty to me. The tones of his voice were clear and distinct, and his earnest words, before we were better acquainted, were the same singular emotions I experienced when I first stood by the "sounding sea," or earlier still, whe the mellow notes of a church organ first dropped down into my soul. It seemed strange that he could bind with the spell of attention a nature so volatile as my own—but he did.

I loved him devotedly—I must confess it sooner or later in this little waif anyhow—and that he returned this devotion I had every reason to believe.

A little thing occurred however, which was near making us go opposite ways through life, like ships that part at sea.

Coming into the study one morning, I found an unfinished letter lying on the desk. Ralph was out—and curiosity—the failing of our sex—led me to glance over it. Part of it was in reference to myself; this discovery made me more than merely glance over it. It was a letter to his sister; the following clause stirred up all the opposition and willfulness my nature was capable of:—

"I am now certain that Mabel loves me. And yet so contrary is she, that were I soberly to ask her to become mine, I no doubt would meet with a peremptory refusal. If I let her alone, she will tell me herself that she loves me before long."

I felt my cheeks tingle, and I believe that I bit my lips with vexation.

"Do you think so, Ralph?" I cried. "We shall see!"

In a minute afterward I was down in the parlor, improvisating at the piano in a manner which under other circumstances might have made my fortune.

Well—two weeks more passed by. I did not avoid Ralph's society, yet in other ways evinced an extreme indifference to it. A shade of anxiety and thoughtfulness began to settle upon his face:

One morning Ralph took the cars for G———. A collision occurred, and a number of persons were killed and wounded. The news made my heart flutter like a frightened bird.—The most painful solicitude was awakened in regard to Ralph.

In the evening of the same day I heard voices on the porch, among which I distinguished my uncle's. I heard him say.

"How had we best break it to her?"

My heart seemed to turn into ice at these words; my brain reeled, and I caught at the table for support. What dark forebodings were creeping up into my soul? I rushed out upon the porch.

"You may break it as abruptly to me as you please, uncle. Ralph is dead! Oh, my best beloved! that I should see this hour!"

I felt very faint then, and the tears streamed down the cheeks of a weary child.

Whose arms were those around me? What low, sweet voice spoke such earnest words of love? What hot tips pressed such warm kisses to mine?

Why—Ralph's! He hadn't been hurt at all—and had been commissioned to bear sad news to another.—How provoking it was! Well—that is the way I came to say it! but I don't care now. Ralph is worth a dozen of your common husbands.

Marriages of Literary Men.—It seems to be a well established fact that, as a general rule, literary men have been unfortunate in their marriage relations. Milton, from sudden fancy, chose a wife, who soon ran away from her studious husband. Dryden wished that his was like an almanac, to be changed every year; Moliere was cursed with a woman whose temper would never let him rest, at home or abroad; Xantippe wife of Socrates is well known; the wife of Bishop Cooper, in the frenzy of the moment, one day, consigned to the flames the manuscript of his lexicon, which had cost him the labor of thirty years; Montaigne protested he would not marry a second time, even if the goddess of wisdom were herself to offer him her hand. Bishop Newton declared that he found the study of classic authors but ill agreed with the study of butchers' bills; and Rousseau married a woman who was of a most jealous temper, and who turned out to be grossly illiterate. Of Shelley, Byron, and more recent instances, it is needless to speak; and we can easily understand why Boyle, Bayle, Hobbes, Hume, Gibbon, and Adam Smith made up their minds to celibacy. There is evidently a lurking meaning in the Arabian story of 'Alladin,' which has hitherto escaped the notice of commentators.

Never strive to hide your poverty, nor be ashamed to work. To work is honorable. To be idle is a disgrace.

EXPLAIN.—The Home Journal, Winchester, apologising for the errors in the paper of this week, among other things says:

"The paper was printed off before we discovered them."

Now, Billy, tell us how you got that paragraph in the paper, if it was printed off before you discovered the errors of which you speak? We are *in a quandary.—Shelbyville Constitutionalist.*

Well, Mr. Editor, we will try to help you out of the "quandary", into which you have so blindly fallen, by stating that we, in the Home Journal office, always print off the two sides of the paper at different times. (Guess you print off both sides of your paper at once, don't you?) Well, the notice about the errors was on the *inside* of the Journal, and referred to the *errors* on the outside, which were *printed off* when we discovered them.

And now we will tell you how we got "that paragraph in the paper." We first wrote it with ink on a piece of paper, then hantled it to one of our boys who put it in type. Then it was put on a galley and "proved," and then "locked up" in the "chase" and put on the press.—Now you look right good at your press and see how it works, and how the ink is put on the type, and you may have some faint idea as to how we got "that paragraph in the paper." We think our explanation as plain as putting bread in a *Baskette.*

Yours, most respectfully, &c.

ED. HOME JOURNAL.